

Kaufman, Straus & Co.

GREAT JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

The Semi-Annual Event at
Kaufman, Straus & Company's

322-324 West Main Street

This Sale Begins on Tuesday,
January 3, 1912, at 8 O'clock
in the Morning.

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Kaufman, Straus & Co.,
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the use of a good laxative, to keep the bowels open and prevent the poisons of undigested food from getting into your system.

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MONUMENTS

We are offering four car loads of new work of beautiful and artistic patterns of the best grade of materials, guaranteed in every particular. Part of this shipment was ordered last Spring, and has been delayed by labor troubles in the quarries. The other is the stock of Adams & Wallen, Paris, Ky. This is the largest stock of marble and granite monuments in the State and the best we ever knew to be offered at such prices, all on account of our enforced removal.

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142 N. Broadway, Lexington, Ky. Both Phones

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The Secret of Youth

Do you ever wonder how you can remain young, or why other women older than you, look younger than you do? The secret can be put in a few words: "Preserve your health, and you will preserve your youth."

By "health" we mean not alone physical health, but nerve health, as, sometimes, magnificently strong-looking women are nervous wrecks.

But whether you are weak physically or nervously, you need a tonic, and the best tonic for you is Cardui.

It builds strength for the physical and nervous systems. It helps put flesh on your bones and vitality into your nerves.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"My mother," writes Mrs. Z. L. Adcock, of Smithville, Tenn., "is 44 years old and is passing through the change of life."

"She was irregular and bloated and suffered terribly. My father stepped over to the store and got her a bottle of Cardui, which she took according to directions and now she is up, able to do her housework and says she feels like a new woman." Try Cardui in your own case.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

Farmer Ephraim Brown perched upon the rail fence of his horse pasture and bewailed the two great sorrows of his life. In the distance, plodding leisurely down the lane, attached to a rope held by Squire Jefferson Ramsey, was a cow that gave unbelievable quantities of the richest creamiest milk. Brown longed and yearned for her as a man longs and yearns but once in life.

The other crowning sorrow of his life stood nearer. It was the sorrel filly he had bought the week before from Elder Hezekiah Tilford. She looked like a winner all through. But on each occasion as Farmer Brown had hitched her to a vehicle she had kicked the dashboard into the next magisterial district.

Squire Ramsey had the famous Jersey at the end of an extraordinarily long rope and he walked so carefully and skittishly that Farmer Brown wondered.

"Mornin', Ephraim," saluted the owner of the cow. "Are you as plum set on my Jersey as you used to be?"

Farmer Brown thoughtfully combed out his patriarchal whiskers. "Oh, I dunno," he said, noncommittally.

The Jersey cavorted around and Squire Ramsey cried out with unnecessary vigor. "Sough—sough there, I say!" As the cow quitted he looked shamefacedly at his neighbor. "Betsey loved as how we had too many cow critters," he explained. "Thought you might want to swap somethin' or other."

Farmer Brown strove to conceal his wild joy. He spat leisurely at the grazing sorrel and plained his sheik-like beard. "I got a might good hoss there," he observed.

Squire Ramsey proceeded to examine the grazing sorrel. As he passed behind the animal Farmer Brown cried out. "Stop, you dinged-dumb fool! Don't go back there!" Then as the squire showed his surprise Farmer Brown made a diversion. "Let's have a look at the Jersey."

He began to pat and poke the sleek cow; the cow nickered about and Squire Ramsey went suddenly white. "Jumpin' jackrabbits!" he cried. "Let that cow alone! Sough, Dolly, sough now—sough!"

With both owners somewhat suspicious, yet eager, the trade was quickly consummated and Farmer Brown, suddenly generous and with a twinkle in his eye, offered the loan of a buckboard.

"I'll let you hitch her up, squire," he said, "but you'd better sit in the back end, 'cause that's the kickin'est hoss in Jasper county."

"All right Ephraim," retorted Squire Ramsey, with a grin, "and you'd better handle that 'ere Jersey with mits, 'cause she's done swallowed six sticks of dynamite."

"Great worm-eaten hoss collars!" cried Farmer Brown.

The squire, still grinning, clambered into the buckboard. Instantly the sorrel mare released her hind feet as if shot from a catapult, hurling the dashboard into the clover field. The sorrel began to back and plunge about.

"Rustling fodder stacks!" cried the squire in terror. "Keep that volcano of a horse away from that cow!" He was too late. With a final triumphant effort, the sorrel plumped her hind feet into the fat sides of the blue ribbon wonder. There was a roar, a puff and a soft thud and splatter. Farmer Brown, hurled backward against Squire Ramsey, looked in vain for his newfound cow. Half a mile down the lane the wonderful kicking sorrel sped madly, the ruins of the buckboard strewn along the line of flight.

His Cold Romance.

"I was driving across the country in Pennsylvania one winter's day years ago," said the man from Boston, "when a blizzard came up. I ought to have put up at a farmhouse, but I pushed along until it grew dark, and then came upon a young woman who had met with an accident. One runner of her sleigh had broken down and her horse had given out completely."

"And of course, you went to the rescue?" was asked.

"I could do no different. We were both all bundled up and we had little to say. I turned her horse loose, piled the sleigh to one side and drove on. Within a mile we ran into a big drift and were stuck. The girl didn't know where we were any more than I did. It was snowing so one couldn't see five feet. I blanketed the horse, gave the girl all the robes and my big ulster to boot, and then began to tramp up and down to keep from perishing. I have always thought it was a gallant and considerate action on my part."

"And the girl let you do this?"

"She did. That was the long night of my life. It was years and years. I had my ears and toes and heels frost-bitten. My teeth itch to this day. Morning came at last and the blizzard ceased."

"And then what?"

"Then two things happened. One was the discovery of a farmhouse not ten rods away and the other was that the girl had no sooner emerged from the robes where she had nestled warmly all night, than she gave me a wild look and exclaimed: 'Oh, Lord, but what an awfully homely young man!'"

"An then?"

"And then she fled into the farmhouse and I pursued my journey. My cold romance was ended."

Teacher—"Where do the sponges come from?"

Bright pupil—"From the noble families of Europe."

Wants to Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer of Fertile, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help someone now. Suffering so long himself he feels for all distress from backache, nervousness, loss of appetite, lassitude and kidney disorders. He shows that Electric Bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles," he writes, "wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for liver trouble, dyspepsia, blood disorders, female complaints and malaria. Try them. 50c at Oberdorfer's.

Rule of Contrary.

"Ma, you send me to bed when I am not sleepy and make me get up when I am sleepy!" complained little Tommy.—Red Hen.

Banks On Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Schingek, 647 Elm street, Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all others failed." Unequaled for biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, headache, chills, malaria and debility. 25c at Oberdorfer's.

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THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER is now a twenty-four page magazine-style paper, chuck full of reading most acceptable to any well-ordered home. Each issue contains a sermon by Pastor Russell, an essay by Dr. Madison C. Peters, a serial and short stories, natural history, general news and special record of political and national affairs that are of interest to all people, cut patterns for ladies and youths, and miscellaneous matter, all of high moral influence; also market reports from all commercial centers, and veterinary columns.

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To circulate such a paper, all well-meaning persons can benefit their community and add their mite in the uplifting of civic and political thought and action.

Any person, lady or gentleman, with leisure hours, desirous of doing a good turn for the community, at the same time earning fair payment, should apply at once for particulars by writing to THE ENQUIRER, Cincinnati, O.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The firm of Kenney & Dudley has been mutually dissolved. Dr. W. K. Dudley will occupy the old offices at 510 Main street and Dr. Wm. Kenney will occupy the office rooms at 514 Main street. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm will please call and settle at once.

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